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VERSES OF LOVE SENTIMENT AND FRIENDSHIP

BY

CLAY M. GREENE

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SAN FRANCISCO

TO ADOLPH B. SPRECKELS
IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF
THE FRIENDLY ENCOURAGEMENT
THAT INSPIRED THE MAKING OF
THIS BOOK

FOREWORD

This collection of varied reminiscences along
the devious pathways of a checkered
career is published merely because
my friends wished it and
my vanity yielded

A sigh, a tear, then Friendship's
Treasure Trove,
But all forgot in memories of
love.

Clay T. McGreene

VERSES OF LOVE, SENTIMENT AND FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP

THERE is a chord that beats in every soul
With endless melody. Its music thrills
The heart of ice; its rhythms can control
With graceful cadences life's sorest ills.
No pen that man has made can half extol
Its priceless worth. The waves of Fate may roll
With reckless fierceness on the Sands of Time,
Wrecking men's lives on Disappointment's Shoal,
Yet, still this chord will twang its song sublime.
'Tis endless as Eternity, it cannot die;
For, when the spark of life has died away,
'Twill sing in Spiritland its sweet refrain.
This song is Friendship, boy, and you and I
Must place our souls beneath its mighty sway,
That it may sigh concordance 'twixt us twain.

CONFIDENCE

FAR better to battle the blows of Fate
Than embark on Despair's dark stream;
For there's never relief that can come too late
Whilst the promise of Faith may gleam.

There is never a right but is braver than wrong,
Nor a sorrow whose sting can endure so long
That the feeblest and frailest may not grow strong
If he trust in Illusion's dream.

GRATITUDE

COME, Retrospection, till I lift the veil
That shields a checkered life,
And woo my memory to many a tale
With song and revel rife.

Thro' disappointment, anguish and despair,
And loves grown stale and cold,
There shine fair visions far past all compare
In Lambdom's merry fold.

I wandered and ye opened wide the gates
To give me rest within,
Where Manhood scorned the malice of the Fates
Nor frowned on worldly sin.

I prospered and ye placed within my hand
The scroll of leadership;
I failed, yet still ye gave me fresh command
'Midst praise of speech and quip.

Then sickness, debt. Ye turned not yet away,
But made me Friendship's child;
Thwarted unrest; Ambition, long astray,
Once more my hopes beguiled.

Now thro' the cloud-rifts gleams my gratitude
For ye my dreamtime's best,
And I would on some idle hour intrude,
This message from the West.

THE HONOR ROLL

Charles Frohman, Charles Klein, Lionel Walsh, Ernest Lambart, Norman Tharpe, Walter McCutcheon, Reginald Barlowe, Lewis A. Stone, Earl Metcalfe, William Harrigan, Everett Butterfield, Basil Broadhurst, Robert I. Aitken, John Willard, Oscar Leiser, John Devereux, Robert Warwick.

'Midst the music, and the glitter, and the
laughter of today,
Hold in reverence brave brothers who
shall come not here to play.

Who amidst the deadly carnage of the seething
battle line,
Pause between the blinding volleys to their
memories entwine

With the scenes of Lambs at Gambols 'midst the
plaudits of the fair,
That can soften madd'ning echoes belched from
out the cannon's blare.

Some are gone away forever, laid away in
honored graves;
Some are sleeping that dread silence 'neath an
ocean's cruel waves.

Some in pained and fevered day-dreams find
their solace 'midst the gloom,
In mind pictures of the homeland, mirrored in a
barrack room.

There are others, who, responding to the call of chivalry,
Are in cheerless tent lines waiting for a summons o'er the sea.

So, for all of these a heart-throb and an orison I pray,
'Midst the music, and the glitter, and the laughter of today.

FORGIVENESS

SAFER the soul that can slights outlive;
Stouter the heart that can wrongs forgive;
Happier the conscience that buries deep
The recollections that made it weep.

Evil must fail in the battle with Good;
No sin that excuses the shedding of blood;
Far better to lighten the burdens of Hate
With mercy that's ever inviolate.

For Vengeance is ever a sightless thing
That sees not the rue in its cruel sting,
Nor the certain remorse full of Pity's glow
For the bleeding one writhing beneath its blow.

THE GROUND-BREAKING

To Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels on the laying of the corner stone of the California Palace of Honor

SING to me, Muse, for I would twang my lyre
In tuneful harmony with roundelay,
Anent a mother fair, and noble sire,
Who gave to History and Fame today
What stirred my soul to patriotic fire,
And sentiments that never shall away.

Upon a height majestic, where the sea
Murmured upon the shore its soft refrain,
Gathered a city's throng that seemed to be
Full of soul-praises for this honored twain,
Who reigned in undisputed majesty,
O'er wealth's great realm of power not won in vain.

For power too oft is wielded for the strong;
Too oft denies the weak the strength to live.
But these two ever sang the soothing song
Of Charity, that liveth but to give,
And poured from out their store not filled through wrong,
Nor leavened by deceit's prerogative.

I saw these two honored with reverence,
Upon that wondrous height, by those who came
To bow in thanks untinged with dull pretense,

For that their gift to Memory's fair fame
Might live forever, in proud evidence
That they revered each fallen hero's name.

And when their son turned that first spade of
sod,
I saw their faces flush with love and pride,
That one with rocky path of life untrod,
With no hope unfulfilled nor whim denied,
Had done his mite for those who rest with God,
And who, in spirit, smiled on that hillside.

Then when a mother, through a soldier, gave
A silken banner unto her I knew,
In memory of a son's unnumbered grave,
I saw the best a shattered heart could do,
To give to her, who held in awe the brave,
The starry symbol of fell battle's rue.

A nation's gratitude unto this pair,
For this vast monument to bravery!
A city's love, for that they make more fair
That beauteous height beside the sighing sea!
And holier, too, for here each mourner's prayer
Shall find its solace in fond Memory.

COMPENSATION

"WE BOTH are all wrong," said my loved one to me.
Had she thought that if we had been right,
There'd be many a day,
With two hearts all astray,
And two natures despoiled of delight?
Two souls torn apart that were made to be one;
Two lives with their hopes all awry;
Two minds that have thrilled
With hopes unfulfilled,
Two passions to languish and die?

How oft are we right in this world,
O my own,
Save in giving our souls what they crave?
Why should hearts that have sighed
Have their blisses denied,
When despair can be laid in its grave?
Let us ever be wrong, when to hunger is right;
Let our secret with each other dwell;
If my Heaven must be
But to steal you from me,
Let me live in our bliss-builded hell.

AN ANSWER

Love?
Why, know you not that I've forgot
More than you've known, except in dreaming?
That flood of blisses streaming
Across life's page without a blot
Is better known to me
Than ever yours can be.

Love!
'Tis never happy when 'tis deep,
For its today doubts of the morrow,
And with the doubts come dread and sorrow
That cause the dearest joy to weep,
And smiles are only sighs;
Know you this love of lies?

Love?
'Tis never unalloyed and pure,
For every throb has had its staining,
And known its jealousies so paining
To those who seek its tempting lure
Of fond caress and kiss.
Know you a love like this?

Love!
Why, girl of mine, did you but know
How this my heart bleeds when it doubts you,
And yet would break were it without you,

You'd never wound it so,
By smiles on others cast.
Is your love half so vast?

Love!
There is some power can point the way
To love that hath no cloud portending,
And bliss that never finds an ending.
And it will only come that day
When doubts have drowned their strife
In two sweet words: My wife!

THE TRIFLER

Away with sighs when we can conjure smiles;
Welcome the laughs that scoff the Canter's wiles!
Strew we our pathways ever with the flowers
That spring from seeds sown in those midnight hours
Midst wine's inspiring showers.

This beauteous world is all too full of stress
On deeds, and words and aims of soberness.
So fill we up our lives with trivial things,
Lest seriousness interpose its flings.
And clip Good Nature's wings.

SECRET LOVE

Was it a sin to love, my love,
When none might know of our deep devotion?
When naught but the peeping stars above,
And the plaintive sighs of the breeze of ocean
Were told of the wealth of our secret love?

Was it a sin when the lonely heart
Hungered and sighed for the sweets of affection?
When the fathomless depth of the Love God's art
Baffled custom, and form, and forebade reflection,
And appealed alone to the passionate heart?

Was it a sin when thy lips met mine
On that mossy bank 'neath the moonlit willow?
When my sensuous soul was commingled with thine,
And thy throbbing breast was my cheek's soft pillow,
And thy burning kisses were merged in mine?

Was it a sin, love, that wild embrace,
That entrancing hour in the throes of passion?
Was it a sin when I covered thy face
With the kisses of lust in the old, old fashion,
And we tightened, and tightened that wild embrace?

There was no sin, O my love, my dove,
And what if there were? Let us revel in sinning,
And live in a Heaven of secret love,
Prolonging the sweets of that fair beginning,
Be lovers till death, O my love, my dove,
My darling, my idol, my secret love!

SOMETIMES

Sometimes, when hope seems all but dead,
Our minds to bitter words are led;
Sometimes the jealous soul's deceived,
By thoughts that else were not believed.
Sometimes, again, the heart tells lies,
To find what often trust denies.
But there's another sometime, dearie,
When souls doubt not, nor grow aweary.
Come this sometime, somewhere, some day,
Uniting hearts too long astray.

SINTA MAZA

The Moving Spirit of
The Huckleberry Indians

SING to me, O Muse, in that staunch man-song
That is sinew and bone of a Friendship strong.
That is loyal as light to the dawning of day,
That hath wanderings long which go never astray
Like the amorous sighings of youth.
But are stronger and firmer as years roll on,
With nothing but man-lore to dwell upon,
With hearts that can thrill with the might of men,
And souls all aflame to inspire the pen
That is dipped in the ink of truth.

Those only can share in this song with me,
Who've quaffed of its strains on a mimic sea
Which bears on its bosom a rock-bound isle,
All astir with the hearts that know only the guile
Of a good pal in search of another.
Where there is no voice but's attuned to glee,
And never a soul but hath seemed to me
To throb like the pulse of a thing of might,
And shout but the peans of wild delight
That come with a new-found brother.

Afar, midst the throngs of a stranger land,
I've dreamed of the feasts of this brother band,
And seen in the visions that thralled me then,
A promise that soon it must come again,
And bid sluggish veins awaken

To pleasures that spring from the friendly seed
Which those only sow who are dead to greed;
Who've builded their revels from stones of youth,
And sealed every soul with a bond of truth
That Time hath not moved nor shaken.

To the infinite joy of this winter's night
Hath an exile returned and his heart is light;
For it giveth a promise of joy to me,
When the summer hath wakened that slumbering sea,
With the bloom of long days of revel.
And I read in the faces that smile on mine,
And hear from warm lips that are moistened in wine,
The welcome to be on that wonderful isle,
Where there's nothing but play and the welcoming smile
That scorneth both fame and the devil.

Ye never shall know of the meaning to one
Who was clinging to life that was all but done,
To be bidden so oft to those merry times
On that Island of Revel where manhood rhymes
With the palpitant hearts of friends.
For there never was one but the lesson has taught,
That the burden of years which our fates have wrought,
Can be lightened anew with the youthtime thrills,
And the strengthening balm of the cup that fills
With a man-love that never ends.

But alas! there were those of that magical isle,
Who will greet me no more with the hand-clasp and smile
That were wont to make stronger the thrills of a day,
Driving all of the clouds of misfortune away,
And leaving me youthful again.
So, memory's thrall shall be always there,
And keep ever its spirit smiles everywhere,
To gladden the hearts of the gladsome throng,
And leaven their cups with wine that's strong
As the passions of manly men.

Now my heart close to your hearts would nestle alway;
My thoughts and my pen shall be lured into play,
So that what I have learned may be given to you,
For I wot of no band that's so loyal and true,
Be your orgies as deep as they may.
My trust and my manhood I'll barter for yours,
For I know that your hearts are aglow with the lures
That bring to the weary that comfort and rest
Of a life that but lives for the joys that are best,
And the thrills that die not in a day.

Let me pledge ye this toast, merry tribesmen of mine!
Drown the sighs for the sleeping in flagons of wine,
And drink to that wakening certain to be,
When we revel no more on that isle by the sea,
And are met on Eternity's shore:

To the well cherished dead we've entrusted to God;
To the brothers He touched with his chastening rod,
That some might be spared for our revelling nights,
And the summer days wedded to strong man's delights
And Friendships to live evermore.

THE BLOT

A GEM hast thou in brilliant mind
Whose radiance floodeth far and wide;
Thou'rt beautiful, and rich, and kind,
And Charity hast ne'er denied.

Thou hast a lustrous, melting glance
Whose magic fire drives doubt away;
Thou rulest with sweet arrogance,
And gather hordes, proud of thy sway.

Ah, thou'st an hundred charms, and still
Each one is tarnished by a blot.
Sincerity's majestic thrill,
Mightiest of all, thou hast forgot.

A REVERIE OF BOHEMIA

HERE in my study, looking o'er
The broad Atlantic's gleam,
Lit by the silver summer moon,
I sit alone and dream.
An hundred voices raised in song,
Entrance the bustling strand,
And pairs of lovers glide along
Like spectres hand in hand.

Whilst many a pleasure, freighted shell
Floats o'er the silent deep,
Lulled by inspiring music's spell
I seek the peace of sleep.
And in that sleep not scenes gone by,
But those that be today,
I see beneath my native sky,
Three thousand miles away.

Fanned by the soft Pacific breeze
In California's clime,
I stand beneath her giant trees
Majestical, sublime.
The very linnets pipe again
That cheered my boyhood's ear;
It is the selfsame wood and fen
That memory brings me here!

O mighty forest of the West,
  O sighing spires of God!
O grand Cathedral, full of rest,
  O flower-bejewelled sod!
My spirit wanders forth to ye,
  And present in my dream,
Are shifting scenes of mirth and glee,
  And revel's tireless stream!

In thy vast chancel poets sing
  Of Friendships firm and true;
I hear enfeebled voices ring
  With manhood come anew.
And songs in cadence low and soft,
  And songs that swell with mirth,
Float through thy columns and aloft,
  To cheer the God of Earth!

An hundred spirits, brothers all,
  Are gathered at thy shrine,
To sing in praise of absent ones,
  And pledge their healths in wine.
Then are the voices hushed in sleep;
  Stilled are the sounds of glee,
And back my spirit comes to weep
  That dreams can never be.

ANTICIPATION

A LITTLE longer, love, and I am thine!
Ah, let me linger yet a little while.
In this sweet dream of fond anticipation.
Be patient—soon thou shalt be mine, all mine,
And I would these my last free hours beguile
With blest expectancy of fascination.

I'll lay me down and ask, can this be true;
I'll ponder o'er your burning pledge of love
Exchanged for mine when we were lovers dreaming.
I'll live our blissful trystings all anew,
And, gazing in the jewelled vault above,
Dream that deep into mine thine eyes are beaming.

And when my muse bids me to dream no more,
And I begin to crave the tempting truth,
Then will my passion-secrets, self-revealing,
Become thine own to love thee o'er and o'er,
And yield the loyalty of pulsing youth,
With sweet resignment, not one thought concealing.

SYLVIA

WE LOVED each other once, fair dove,
So deep, that we were held in sway
By what did seem the maddest love
That ever led two souls astray.

We sailed afar across the blue
Wafted by passion-freighted wind;
We read each other's thinkings through,
And left all earthly cares behind.

We lingered long on every kiss,
And sighed, and nestled face to face,
And knew that all there was of bliss
Was centered in each wild embrace.

You married. But I lingered still
With trysts that our two loves begot,
And every dream awoke the thrill
Of youth-love that is ne'er forgot.

And then you wrote that we must meet
As friends; we'd been too long apart.
Ah, temptress! Once more at your feet
I lay my all;forgiving heart.

Friends? No! The gods that rule above
Created love for such as I,
And, living in our world of love,
We'll dream, and kiss, and kissing die!

THE SIGH OF THE SURF

ROLLING, rolling, rolling,
In from the boundless deep,
Freighted with mighty secrets
Entrusted me to keep.
Bearing upon my bosom
Shadows of many a past,
Yet can no human read me,
History deep and vast.

Rolling, rolling, rolling,
Oft in the twilight gray
Pass I the scores of maidens
Gamboling in my spray.
List'ning, I hear them prating,
Each of some lover bold;
Revealing sinful secrets
That never should be told.

Rolling, rolling, rolling,
On to the glist'ning strand,
Pass I two dripping sinners
Standing hand in hand.
No room to pass between them,
But, circling them, I found
That both were secret lovers
Treading forbidden ground.

Rolling, rolling, rolling,
I splash another pair,

And clouds of strife and passion
Have darkened faces fair.
Hers for the curt refusal
Of a fretful woman's whim;
His, that she'd cast on others
The smiles denied to him.

Rolling, rolling, rolling,
Hear I the gossips say
How, nearly all about me
In something is astray.
Strange, too, they are mostly women
Who ill of woman speak;
And, bitterest among them,
Those who themselves are weak.

Rolling, rolling, rolling,
My ever-changing tide
Thinks of its earthly mission
And nothing else beside.
Whilst thou, O world, unkindly,
For thoughts of gain or pelf,
Lay bare the faults of others,
Unmindful of thyself.

THE REVELATION

Ah, dearest one!
If, in the silence of those mystic hours
When conscience holds communion with the soul, and woos the heart to pity,
You'd pause awhile and wrest from fate its secret, hid so long,
Perhaps another heart you lured from where it wandered,
Might learn to know why she has been so pitiless;
Why it has loved, and loved, and loved so much,
That other loves, once truly deep, are all forgotten,
Even although those loves were happy ones,
And this is not.

Ah, dearie mine!
Mistake me not, when I confess that in this love,—
So deep, that if I knew I'd never look upon your face again, I'd love you none the less;
So deep that even memories of other loves are dead as flowers that winter's blasts have withered,
I have found all but peace.
As widowed ones love on thro' years of endless wooing,
And love the dead that once have made them happy.

Ay, all but peace!
And this I never knew from that enthralling hour when first my love was born,

Till now when it is fierce as fire and deep as are the
boundless heavens.
Who lures a love like this
Should yield unto that love more than a mere share
of love returned.
And yet, two loves that loved, two other loves
betraying,
Perhaps should bear the sting of loving when the
world may never smile upon it,
And let its secret slumber until the fate I spoke of
wakens it
To that one blest existence that brings peace to
love.

So, sweet beloved!
Kiss we our kisses that are lies to all but us!
Live we in those embraces that are mysteries save
to you and me,
And, if some other love must still endure to
blemish its perfection,
Live we two on until that one other fade away,
Or Hymen bind us two in one.
But be it only one.
Let there be never semblance of another love,
Nor even woman's dearest pastime born of
coquetry.
For my poor heart doth hurt enough already,
And I do love you so, I love you so!

THE GIRLS, THE OTHER GIRL AND THE BOY

THESE do I covet far beyond
All other earthly things I know;
For every thought that's pure and fond,
Seems builded on the endless glow
Of blessed peace that comes to me,
Wherever they may chance to be.

These do I love a thousand times
More deeply than all other loves.
My heart with theirs beats tuneful rhymes
Of endless melody that proves
How Fate was kindless in that she
Reserved them not for only me.

This have I hope for that is fair
Above an hundred springtime gleams;
And if but Destiny be fair,
Or God be just, then shall the dreams
I dream of them all truthful be,
And find fulfillment sweet thro' me.

The girls and boy were then a tide
Upon ambition's mimic ocean;
The boy became his nation's pride,
The girls enslaved by that devotion
Which even tenderer can be,
Than the deep love they won from me.

Then, were the other one alone,
Of girls and boy by love bereft.
But I would place her on the throne
Hope builded for the last one left.
Again the blessed first to be,
For them, for faith, for love, for me.

ADELE

GOLDEN hairs have turned to silver
Since we parted, you and I;
But the years have not been sad ones
As they slowly glided by.

For a face was ever near me
In my musings and my dreams;
Giving life to things of fancy,
Wreathing care with golden gleams.

Thine the face that lingered near me
Since the moment that we met;
This the only cloud that haunts me:
Hast thou learned how to forget?

TO FRANK UNGER

On hearing of his fotal illness

LAST night I lay upon a couch amid peaceful atmospheres that were full of messengers from out of the past.

My head was pillowed on fragrant flowers of memory.

The coverlet whereon I lay was cushioned with soft fabrics fresh from the looms of friendship.

Into the warp and woof of it there were strands of recollection, threaded in graceful knottings to the tales of many loves.

These glistened under the soft lights from the atmospheres above them, and, as if by some magic unbelievable, they sang into my soul a sweet refrain which told me that no memory was dead.

In my soft musing I lived again each of the memories here spread before me.

They seemed as clear and vivid as though they had grown into being only yesterday.

Some of the loves were sweet, and thrilled my veins with the same throbs that came at their birth.

Some were idle and flitting as the lives of hive drones, and their footprints upon the pathways of time were just as valueless.

Some were blind and foolish, and I sighed to remember that they had ever been at all.

But there was one that outshone all the others, and had grown stronger and deeper amid the sunshines and disappointments, the shadows and the unfulfillments of the years.

So, too, it was with the friendships that peopled this filmy thought-dream of memory.

Some were strong and true; instinct with the brawn and muscle of big manhood.

Some came and went, now as in the past, and, leaving, wrote upon my soul the truth that selfishness had created them.

Many, just as some of the loves had been, it were best they had never sprung into ephemeral soullessness.

But one of them, like that love which never passed out of my life, shone brightly, resplendently above them all.

In his face there shone the soft light of a woman's soul, yet in his hand was the firm grasp of a giant.

On his lips there never trembled the words of blasphemy, and his soul was as free from evil as the kiss of the godly from sensuousness.

Yet he was *man* in every fibre, and his every heart-beat kept stalwart harmony with those of manly men.

Now as I gloried that I had builded this friendship about my soul in walls of flint, there came a message writ by a friend almost as true as he.

He was sick unto death and I could not fly to him. His head was heavy and my hand was helpless to raise it.

His lips were parched and I could not give them drink.

His hours were lonely, yet I could not be there to people them with merry beings from out that bustling world of hallowed memory.

If I were only there I could make him laugh or weep at will.

If I were there I could make him to forget that there was such a thing as pain, with that unerring balm that comes with man-love for man-love.

God of the good and the evil, the just and the unrighteous, give me to feel that this exile be not eternal.

Give me to say what only I could say and bring us both contentment.

Shone there then, strong through those atmospheres above my couch, a shining star that broke the silence with my shout of joy.

Its name, O friend, was Hope Fulfilled!

O beloved pal of mine, that star bids me hope.

We shall again foregather with the best; be merry with song and drunken with wine, then give unto all to know that only you and I were perfect friends.

* * * * * * * *

Weeks then of silence and foreboding, and when I sought my couch again, lo! the Star of Hope was dull and darkened.

The atmospheres above it were heavy with the clouds of doom, and out of them poured rains of tears.

Flashed on the wires came then the message to say the end had come, that Hope Fulfilled had lied again, that my friend was dead.

The voice that had sung a thousand songs of love and friendship was hushed forever!

Nature's tears of rain and dew fall from the giant trees he loved, for he was Nature's son.

She loved him as he loved her, for he was loyal to her as she to her best beloved.

The heart that had sown the seeds of an hundred fond affections can beat no more, but its throbs shall live in the memories of those who cherished them and loved them, as doth the flowers their morning dew.

The fingers that have strummed through days and nights, sweet strains of melody from home and stranger lands, are stiff and cold, but who shall say that they are not graven upon the ears of those who listened?

Yea, my one friend that was perfect, is dead!

Gentle hands laid him to rest beneath the skies he loved best, and the sweet songs of Christian and Pagan united in requiems for him.

These words George Sterling wrote and read above his bier, and I who knew him best of any man can say amen, sweet friend, farewell until we meet again!

"A voice is mute, that had no word of hate,
And one gone forth who shall not come again;
A comrade true, a friend compassionate,
Tender and true, a soul without a stain."

IF EVERYONE

IF EVERYONE meant all that everyone says,
What a dreary old world this would be!
If everyone knew all of everyone's ways,
Why, everyone always would be in a haze
Of doubt and distrust, don't you see?

If everyone knew all in everyone's mind,
What a life this would be of distress!
If everyone were not a little bit blind,
Why, no one could be unto anyone kind,
Nor hold him in blessed duress.

If everyone tore away everyone's mask,
What a sorry awakening, dear!
If everyone worried thro' everyone's task,
Why, no one would dare aught of anyone ask,
For doubt is the nestling of fear.

If everyone were but to everything true,
Why, there'd never be need of a lie;
If everyone everyone's faults could undo,
Then everyone's kiss would drown
everyone's rue,
And all the world's sorrows defy.

Your day is nigh. Remember Time and Tide
Wait for no man.

TIDE

That I have denied.
As far as I'm concerned, I'll flow tonight
And ebb again tomorrow. Now we two
Appear to go together.

TIME

What wouldst do?
Play dice with Fate?

TIDE

Ay, life is but a toss;
Man wins, he loses, but there is no loss
Ambition can't regain.

TIME

But his is dead.

MYSELF

True, the ambition that to greatness led,
But there's another dearer far to me.

TIME

What is it?

MYSELF

I would have my life set free
From ogres that have clouded it with doubt;

Worms that have gnawed my heart within,
without.
There are destroying evils I'd dispel,
To make a Paradise of what is hell.

TIME

You mean the world?

MYSELF

Of course.

TIME

You made it so.

MYSELF

That's true enough, but listen: There's no woe
But there's a joy to heal it. There's no sorrow
Without the laugh to dry its tears. Tomorrow
Hath good to down the evil of today.
Not young enough? Leave that for one to say—
If such there be alive—who hath the power
To cause me to forget that dark'ning hour
When once again I loved to find I'd erred;
I'd breathed a prayer that but a wanton heard,
And led me into hells of doubt. She lives!
As there's a God who mortal sin forgives,
So must there be some power, Time, to decree
That what Fate hath denied my destiny
Is mine to win.

TIME

Thou art in love again?

MYSELF

I am afraid so, but, like other men,
I erred in that too. I shall err no more.

TIME

And is your heart still young?

MYSELF

Yea, to the core.

TIME

Then luck attend you. I will wait with Tide,
For hearts that hunger should not be denied.

(*Exeunt.*)

FULFILLMENT

Is there a woman to adore,
Even though truth be dead?
Beats there a heart to drown the score
Of loves forgot and fled?

If such exist, lead me, O Fate,
To her, and bid me cast
Aside all memory; the mate
I've sought were found at last!

A PROTEST

A LITTLE more of faith
That breeds no wraith,
A little more of courage from her soul;
A little more of bliss
Born of her kiss,
And I shall soon have reached Ambition's goal.

For 'twould seem hardly just
That loves can rust
In cruel separation's bitter gall,
When only one command,
One trustful hand,
Could place us two 'neath Love's eternal thrall.

Justice indeed is blind,
And Faith unkind,
If soulless ones can laugh when lovers weep;
If those who live through sin
Can proudly win,
While for the blameless ones Hope lies asleep.

O God who rules above!
Who counselled love,
Why grant success to those of pelf and lust,
When mated ones, apart,
Bleeding of heart,
Have nothing for their travail and their trust?

A MEMORY

In awesome thrill, thrice met mine eyes her own;
Thrice touched my fingers hers, then passed away
Life's fairest vision into memory.
Then comes back retrospection, for I see
Again the face that thrilled my soul one day,
Lit by the fairest eyes that ever shone!

Our lips are wide apart as earth from sun;
Our hopes forefend a kindred recompense,
Still am I thrilled, musing again on her,
Picturing blissful hours that never were,
And then, misleading reason, fact and sense,
Paint me a stream of bliss that cannot run.

Men live to die, hopes come to be dispelled;
Dynasties fade away and nations fall.
But this soul-dream of mine, scornful of these,
Buildeth its fabrics, airy as the breeze
Of summer's morn, and grieveth not at all
For that her hand may ne'er in mine be held.

Strange art thou not, O love that hath no wound;
That needs no kiss to seal thy bond of faith,
Nor a caress to drive mistrust away?
Yet thou'rt as true as is the night to day;
Without a longing, fearing, pang or wraith,
For thou'rt a grail that was not sought nor found.

Thou shalt endure, strange love, while yet we live,
Albeit she nor I may never know
What each doth of the other feel or care,
Yet thou'rt a love as potent as thou'rt rare;
Thou know'st no envious pang nor jealous flow,
Hath nothing to forget, none to forgive.

HER

THERE is no thought of mine
For things that were;
There is no dream divine
But is of her.

There is no other kiss
My soul can stir;
There is no dream of bliss
But is of her.

Close in her arms I lay,
My soul awhir;
My sighings are astray
Whene'er with her.

Staunch as the rugged pine,
Or graceful fir;
Make her, Gods, ever mine,
Give me to her!

SOME DAY

Some day it will come,
The loving with believing;
When she will rest
Upon a breast
That she fears is deceiving.

Some day it will come:
The trusting with devotion;
The ins and outs
Of burning doubts,
Now baffling true devotion.

Some day it will come:
When but one voice will call me;
And only she
Will come to me
To hold me and enthrall me.

Some day it will come,
With all its thousand blisses,
Its ripened hours
Now only flowers
Of thrills, and throbs, and kisses.

Some day it will come,
When days are years without me;
I'll patient be
If only she
Will learn no more to doubt me.

TO A YACHT

PROPHETIC name thou surely hast,
Fair Goddess of the summer sea;
From keel to truck thy lot is cast,
Good Fortune's sprite to ever be.
Fond fantasies of cheer thou'lt bear
To balmy shores where Revel's king;
Decks manned by all who scoff at Care,
Thy cabins freighted by the ring
Of laugh and song,
The whole day long,
Fortuna!

Ah, not alone thy name portends
Thy never failing wealth of bliss;
Thy destiny is one that ends
But with the chill of Time's last kiss.
For once thy pleasure cruises o'er,
Then shall thy merry mission cease;
But Fortune blessed thee with the store
Of Friendship, revel, rest and peace,
That shall be thine
While stars can shine
Fortuna!

TO GEORGE T. BROMLEY

On his Eighty-fourth Birthday

THRO' years that never aught but manly lustre shed,
He whom we feast today has laughed at Time,
And, with the reaper in his hand, lopped off the head
Of each conspirer 'gainst the bond sublime
That seals man's heart to man's.
Thro' days, and nights, and weeks, and months of merry years,
That rugged heart of his has only beat
For Friendship and for Friendship's cause, nor sighs nor tears
Have stilled its endless flow of nature sweet,
That held Bohemia's clans.

Thro' countless revels that were big with song and wit,
His voice rang out, the blithest of the best;
His tongue framed words as sage as Plato's greatness writ,
His soul enlisted to an endless quest
For natures lost to joy.
On every atmosphere he breathed the life of cheer
Wreathed all in smiles. Men loved him better far
Than ever woman loved her lord. For none sincere
As Friend-love, which no jealous lust can mar,
Nor passion's thrill alloy.

Thro' orgies that have youthful vigors drowned in
wine,
And strong man's wits transformed to tongueless
things,
His wine-proof mind, as though controlled by
hands divine,
Poured thro' his lips as smoothly as on wings
His quips of jest and song.
Then, when the nascent day dethroned the waning
night,
And glared on Kings of Revelry laid low,
This King of Kings reigned, sleepless victor of the
fight,
And wit and song rang still in joyous flow,
All thro' the whole night long.

Thus, thro' these merry years from one to eighty-
four,
This good old man hath lived without a foe,
Save him who laughs at Friendship's care destroy-
ing lore,
Or closes mind and ear its thrill to know,
Or rails at all emotion.
And thro' the coming years,—please God, a score
at least,—
Let us each natal day in revel meet;
Unite our merry souls with his in drunken feast,
And, till the next, his joys be full and sweet,
And boundless as the ocean.

TO ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

COULD I but crown thee beauty's best,
Then were its dearest diadem
Already thine. Now doth the quest
For womanhood's most radiant gem
Find in thy glance the peaceful tide
Of thrall forever satisfied.

When Nature, bountiful, bequeathed
The mirrored splendors of her spell
Upon her chosen queen, she wreathed
Its flowers on thee; ringing the knell
Of vaunted rivals, in an age
When beauty rules the mimic stage.

Now dost thou rule with matchless grace
While dignity vies with thy art,
To limn the glory of a face
Bright with the glow from woman's heart,
And who doth win that heart? Ah me!
That worthless man so blest can be!

Time was, when in the crowded stalls
I echoed plaudits of a throng
That, fettered by a woman's thralls,
Crowned her with admiration's song;
Enthroned her queen of beauty, then
Enchained the memories of men.

Then camest thou, and harking back
Far in the maze of Memory's mist,
There stood another in the track
Of her once by perfection kissed.
I woke, I thrilled, I knew that then
The faultless Neilson lived again.

AH, PRETTY JANE!

Ah, pretty Jane, ah, pretty Jane!
I fear I've loved thee all in vain.
I fear thy heart knows no pulsation
Responsive to my fascination.
And often I have had a thought
While struggling with this wild unrest,
That my fond love, although unsought,
Deserveth not thy flippant jest.

Ah, pretty Jane, ah, pretty Jane!
Doth there no hope for me remain?
Come! Be thou frank and all confiding;
'Tis time my fate thou wert deciding;
Whate'er it be, I promise this:
To love thee though my heart thou'lt sever,
And, dreaming of a phantom bliss,
Rest happy in that dream forever!

TO A LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY

A GLEAM of sunshine came one day
Suffused a home with light,
And on its golden bosom lay
A jewel brought from far away
Enrobed in pink and white.
O bounteous sun! O day benign
That gave that priceless gem
For gentle hands to intertwine
Midst other pearls of rare design
In a mother's diadem!

'Twas but a day 'mongst other days,
For often, o'er and o'er,
The same sun's joy-encumbered rays
To happy homes brought songs of praise.
Such gems were made before,
But this day to one loving breast
Was fairest of its kind:—
This jewel was of all the best
The guerdon of a lover's quest
By hope and faith designed.

The day came every year again,
Sometimes brought with it tears,
And then the sun shot shafts of pain,
Like cruel, blinding floods of rain,
To drown the hopes of years.

Dead? No! A lover true and bold
Brought to the jewel rest,
And offered peace and love untold,
Then showered it with affection's gold
And pinned it on his breast.

No day now but is bright and fair,
The sun sheds only light,
And bears no shadow on his brow,
The jewel beams upon us now,
And cheers our hearts tonight.
That day, sweet friend? It gave you birth.
The sun? Devotion true.
The lover? He whose manly worth
Made you most blest of all the earth.
The jewel? It was you.

IN A GIRL'S ALBUM

If thy maturity the sweet charm brings
Which now so nobly ornaments thy youth,
Thou wilt be worthy to be sought by kings,
A very queen of womanhood and truth.

And when that day has come, I hope to see
The consummation of my fancy's whirl:
The little friend, admired at Sunapee,
As grand a woman as she was a girl.

AT A BACHELOR'S DINNER

Given to William F. Humphrey

THERE's power in criticism made in fun,
And who'd condemn equivocation's jest?
But neither criticism, joke, nor pun
Has ever gotten "underneath the vest."
For there equivocation's heart's concealed;
Into its depths no flippancies intrude,
And there cheap wit sleeps, ever unrevealed,
Beneath the throbs of Friendship's gratitude.

We write what we are told to write sometimes,
And think what we are asked to think, because
Incisive prodding is best done in rhymes,
And there's some glory in amused applause.
But in the dignity of Friendship's call
There tolls the knell of Ribbald's epitaph,
And I were rather dumb beneath its thrall,
Than moved to noise impelled by Humor's laugh.

So whispers Conscience to my heart tonight,
When bidden to this merry feast of friends
Foregathered in the strength of Manhood's might
To further seal the bond that never ends,
But is as boundless as the round of Time;
Sealed unto trust inspired by Fealty's word;
And so, I ever keep in tuneful chime
Sweet Memory's cadence by affection stirred.

He whom we honor here with manly lust
To show what loyalty can do or feel,
Was chosen for his seat of power and trust,
Where he might Wisdom's plentitudes reveal.
And I have chosen him to stand supreme
Amidst the memories that cannot fade,
For when tired effort languished in a dream
He spake the words from which sweet hope was made.

And even though that hope were not fulfilled—
For hopes are vaunting things oft leaped in vain,—
I'll not forget keen disappointment killed
When he awoke ambition once again.
I'd not these cumbrous platitudes impart
To merry minds, foregathered but to jest,
Save that I'd voice what's in a grateful heart,
For that he sowed new courage in my breast.

He softened age, brought smiles into its home;
Now I would spread that heart with Friendship's pen
Upon the pages of fond Memory's tome
Where are remembered only worthy men.
Now let me laugh with you, and drink with you
Till I be drunken with inspiring wine;
Stand unabashed on Revel's brink with you,
Where Cant's unmasked and only Truth may shine!

Where envy can forget the greeds of Trade,
And thro' whose hazards only truth were won;
For here are only friend-communions made,
So now, a toast to Bill, and I am done;
Live he as long as Worth and Wisdom live;
Be there no lull in Fortune's winning strife;
Come there no wrong that he cannot forgive,
And find he woman good enough to wife!

ABSENCE

A Fragment

THERE's a chill in the heart when we say good-bye,
And a palpitant throb of pain;
There's a hungering soul, and a lonesome sigh
When we look for the face in vain,
That has beamed with delights
Thro' the days and the nights,
And yet, never a day nor a night can die,—
For in absence we live them again.

SEPARATION

Wild as a lion in leash I sighed for freedom,
So burst my duty's bonds that held me fast,
And, with a bound, stood in the world again
With naught to stay me. There within my sight
The beck'ning summits of the city's hills
Dared me to mount their sunny battlements,
And with a laugh I bounded at their gage.
O hallowed God of earth! How all my soul
Throbbed then to know that I was free again
To hold communing with myself alone!
How every nerve thrilled new to know that I
Was for a time to 'scape the palling gloom
That hung about a chamber wooed by death!
Now should the memory of sweeter things,
The tuneful thoughts of an unbridled mind,
Lull me to day-dreams long since strangers to me.
But ah! No thought save one, no face save one,
No dreams save one, and all of her
Appeared to light my freedom's fantasy.
For every sun ray seemed to be her eyes,
And in the sun itself I saw her face.
The gentle breeze that sang down from the sea
Fell on my cheek and seemed to be her kiss.
Alone I walked and yet was not alone,
For everywhere there seemed a voice from her
To cheer my loneliness, and in my soul
Inspire the thought that she was at my side.

Then, when my feet grew sore I sat me down
And once again revealed my soul to her.

"Loved one of mine," I said, "again, again,
And yet again, let me declare to you
That, till the day I told you of my love,
No other woman e'er was loved before!
Until that madd'ning hour when first I held
You close against my heart and burned your cheek
With that first kiss of passion long asleep,
No man or woman knew what passion meant.
And in the days that ripened into months,
And through the months that broadened into
years,
That love and passion grew, and grew, and grew,
Until it seemed that we must conjure death
To waft us into undiscovered worlds
Which teach of other passions, other loves."

"I love your hair, your eyes, your cheeks, your
lips,
Your ears, your throat, your shoulders and your
breasts,
And oft, to prove the ardor of my love,
My lips have pressed them all a thousand times!
And I do know I wasted not my passion,
For all these kisses I have had from you,
Upon my body, every one in kind.
If there were times when, in my jealous rage,
I hurled against you words to cut and wound,

They only proved the ardor of my love,
And passions that were grandest when they stung."

* * * * * * *

A steeple clock rang out the evening hour,
So I kissed back the soft caressing breeze,
Then came again into my saddened home.
But it was fairer, sweeter, brighter now;
For I'd brought with me from the city's hills
The spirit presence of my absent love.

SENT WITH A BOTTLE OF WINE

TOGETHER we sipped at the wine one day,
We chatted and trifled the hours away,
But you never knew
As we revelled them through,
That something was stealing my something away.

Ah, was there a spell that was subtle and fine,
A charm that was hid in that bottle of wine?
Or was it your smile
That was heavy with guile:
The something a-stealing my something away?

Your blessing bestow on the tribute I send,
And let it all manner of somethings portend.
Something like unto bliss,
Something sealed with a kiss,
Be it something to cause all my somethings to end.

THE DREAM

I DREAMED of you last night,—
Ah, such a dream!
Bright visions of delight
Enslaved my wond'ring sight,
And it did seem
I held a velvet hand,
And glided through
Some rapture-laden land
Whose joys I could command
If there with you.

For you and I were there.
Fond lovers we;
We wandered everywhere,
And pictured fancies rare
Of ecstacy.
The hours grew into days,
The days to nights,
And we thrilled through a maze
Of love's ten thousand ways
To lure delights.

Then I awoke and sighed
That phantoms lie,
And leave naught else beside
An ever-shifting tide
Of memory.

This dream must never die,
But live anew;
Have I the faintest gleam
Of hope to live the dream
I dreamed of you?

AN AWAKENING

SPEAK to me, conscience, leave no truth
untold,
For if I love her not, then would I know
Why all my lifetime's wraiths have turned to gold;
Why day and night is one sweet, sighless flow
Of fond delirium; why full of glow
This blood of mine, but yesterday so cold,
That every heart throb seemed a sigh of woe.
My conscience answers not—my heart's too bold.

Nay, then, I know that silence e'er consents.
Mind, to thy work! Brain, hasten thou to prove
That, all else dead, 'twill be enduring still:
This mad wild passion that's the reverence,
The all in all of an eternal love,
That time, nor law, nor fate can ever kill.

TO A LITTLE GIRL

I WONDER why, sweet little girlie,
That when we meet I seem to see
A something midst life's hurly-burly
That draws you very close to me.

I wonder why your eyes are bluer
Than any little girl's I know;
Why every glance of them is truer
Than all I see where'er I go.

I wonder why you find me staring
At eyes, and face, and sunny smile,
And longing that I might be sharing
The love you're shedding all the while.

I know, sweet one, for I remember
A little girlie just like you,
Who promised for my life's December
All of the loves sires ever knew.

She is an angel now in Heaven,
And that's so many far-aways!
But there's not one day out of seven
But back to me her spirit strays.

And only yesterday while dreaming
Of what she was, you smiled on me,
And through your eyes that spirit streaming
Recalled what once she used to be.

And that is why, sweet little girlie,
I can't help staring at you so,
And why, midst this life's hurly-burly,
You bring back that blest long ago.

UNSATISFIED

WHY is my only joy my deepest sorrow;
Why must my wildest hopes be unfulfilled?
Why this bliss of today leave for the morrow
But anxious doubts refusing to be stilled?

Ah, love of mine, she whom thou lovest never
Paused to reflect upon how mad thou art,
Or she would stab thee not with words that ever
Disclose that all mine own is not her heart.

O hope of mine! Why must this burning sorrow
Be all the keener when thou seemest bright?
Why send me pain when every throb I borrow
Brings never hope in dreams of day or night?

There is one hope: that what is now foreboding
May be but, after all, my burning soul
Mad with the fire of what is only goading
And tempting me to find her own hope's goal.

If this be so, then shall I bear my sorrow
Until the struggle end, and I receive
What she hath promised for the sometime morrow,
And till that come, Fate, teach me to believe.

COME, BE THOU MINE!

COME, be thou mine, mine, mine alone,
For by the Gods I madly love thee!
Thine eyes within my soul hath shone
Far brighter than the stars above thee,
Come, be mine own!

Come, be thou mine! Within my breast
I've found a love that's just beginning.
'Twere thine but for one faint request,
And though 'tis love that dreams of sinning,
It is my best!

Come, be thou mine! I will not say
I've loved no other long before thee;
But memories past I'll drive away,
If thou'lt but bid me to adore thee
By night and day!

Come, be thou mine! Was that a blush
Upon thy waxen cheek soft creeping?
Ah, was it the responsive flush
Of yielding love that hath been sleeping?
Hush, darling, hush!

For thou art mine, mine, mine alone,
Bound by a tie but death can sever;
Chained by a sin love can atone,
If thou'lt live in my heart forever,
My all, my own!

A RETROSPECT

IT HAD been for the best, O dearest one of mine,
If, when we met that day, you had not touched my hand.
Then we'd have never heard Fate's pitiless command
To seal a bond of love before another's shrine.

It had been for the best when, once, I bowed my head
And touched my lips to yours if you had turned away,
For then would not have come this warning of today
That two loves like to ours, alas! were better dead.

It had been for the best, that night, afar, alone,
When you shrank not beneath my first enrapt embrace,
If you'd not let me rain my kisses on your face,
For then nor you nor I had filched another's throne.

It had been best, perhaps, but then nor you nor I
Could have been glad to thrill beneath forbidden bliss,
Or revel in the thrall of every stolen kiss,
Created by untruth, and glory in the lie.

A SENTIMENT

A YEAR for thee, Laura, as full as can be
Of the joys that true happiness knows;
Of sighings, and sorrows, and cares ever free
As fair Caribbee's shores are of snows.

Come there never a hope but is fitly fulfilled,
Nor a wish that is ever denied.
Come there never a sigh by Love's magic unstilled,
Nor a care by Love's kiss undefied.

Be thy faith never blind, nor thy trust undeserved,
Nor the love that thou givest misplaced;
Be thy wooer the kind whose stout heart never swerved
From the paths that staunch loyalty traced.

In the sleep-dreams thou hast be there never a sigh;
In the day ones no cloud of regret;
Through the wearisome hours be there one ever nigh
Who can prove there are true lovers yet.

I dare not tell all that my heart could reveal;
I would not say less than is here,
For I sigh for consents that will bid me to steal
Every hour of each Happy New Year!

WE TWO

A PAIR of dancing eyes aglow with passion;
A pair of lips that tempt the lover's kiss,
Which, if but nurtured in the old, old fashion,
And taught the raptures of affection's bliss,
Might drive from out my life Care's every trace:
This is thy face.

A pilgrim to the shrine of wild desire,
Alas! too oft defeated in his quest,
Hath found in you the latent spark of fire
That stirs the smould'ring flame within his breast,
And bids him hope for one responsive sigh:
This, love, is I.

Two souls new burning with the same hot shafts,
And arms that scorn each wild embrace to shun;
Two mouths that sip at once the same sweet draughts,
Two lives foresworn to merge them into one,
And dream of ecstasies no power can leaven:
This, this is Heaven!

THE FOUNT OF YOUTH

Huckleberry Island, N. Y.

I LANGUISHED, a slave to the city's greed
For the things that are foes to health;
I chafed 'neath the sting of the galling need
That inspires not the Kings of Wealth.
I loosened the fetters of toil's fell grip,
And fled with a joyous bound,
To the riverside, and a waiting ship,
And sailed for the Merry Sound.

There were breezes there, and the swish of waves;
There was cheer full of Friendship's truth;
But I couldn't escape from the deep'ning graves
That were yawning for dying youth.
And I cried aloud in the waning power
Of a vigor that daily sped.
Ye Gods! Have I come to the last fell hour
When the things that are new are dead?

And is there no place where new fancies dwell;
No Fount where there's youth on draught?
No shore for a rest from the toiler's hell,
That's afar from the lusts of graft?
I ask not the pride of a golden fame,
I scorn vapid form's duress;
God give me abandon that's lost to shame,
And the freedom that laughs at dress!

My bark, sped along by the summer breeze,
Drew close to the dim outline
Of a rocky isle topped by pigmy trees,
That were dwarfed as this hope of mine.
We nearer drew till we touched the shore;
I stood midst the sounds of glee;
My ears were thrilled with the magic roar
Of Friendship in revelry.

It was found at last, and I sighed no more
For the days that were passed and gone;
Here were fairer days than I'd known before,
And as wild as e'er looked upon.
And I pledged my love to this friendly band,
For they taught me that youth can live
So long as there lies in the true man's hand,
The best that a heart can give.

I shall give my best on each summer's day
When we sail to that pigmy isle,
For I now am one whom they taught the way
For the sigh to become a smile.
Here's a health to you and big wealth to you,
And a youth that shall never end;
For the youth I'd lost was inspired anew
When you lured me to make me friend.

SHE

She met my glance, I felt a thrill,
She smiled,—all thought of others fled;
She touched my hand, my heart stood still;
She kissed me and the past was dead.

She told me I might come again,
And, all compliance when I came,
She gave my wooing hope, and then
My sadness bore another name.

She bade me flee with her afar;
She guided me from prying eyes;
She taught me what true blisses are,
And weaved the spell that never dies.

I pressed my lips close to her face,
She pressed my head close to her breast;
She lingered long in my embrace,—
I learned all that in life is blest.

She has been all in all to me;
She taught me what I'd never known;
And promised then to ever be
The Empress of affection's throne.

A BASKET OF FLOWERS

A BASKET of flowers that were fresh and fair
As the promise of childhood's dream,
They placed in my hands, and I held it there
Till its fragrance enveloped the lamplight's glare
And sweetened its festal gleam.

They told me the blossoms had come from you
As a tribute to gathered years,
That garnered life's pleasures, its friendships true,
And learned all that goodness and evil knew,
'Midst its dreamings and blessings and tears.

'Tis sweet in the shadows of growing age
To learn that the fair can remember
How truly their gifts can the cares assuage
Of a youth that hath fled, and adorn the page
Of fair Memory's gray December.

And down thro' the years I shall keep those blooms
You sent me that birthday night,
Just as fresh as they were in the lighted rooms,
In Memory shrined to besweeten the glooms
Thro' the gloam of life's gathering night.

TO VICTOR HERBERT

On his Fifty-first Birthday

A YEAR ago, Victor, in vintages mellow,
We pledged your half century run;
Tonight, friendship's cup we have filled and to spare,
With hearts in the wine and a thrill in the prayer
That God bring but peace and success to a fellow
Who hath honored Fame's years fifty-one.

Blessed fifty-one years! Each a page in the story
Of a soul Genius juggled from Fame,
Then filled full of melody sweet, and the art
To thrill and to throb with the beat of a heart
Attune with ambition to fight for the glory
That lies in the power of a name.

That name has been writ on the book of the ages,
It will live till our greatest be dead;
But the heart that must die we have filched for our own,
For 'tis filled with a power that is sweeter than tone,
And tempered with tune-lore from dreams of the sages,
Whilst fifty-one years gaily sped.

There are loves, Victor friend, that are revels of blisses;
There are others that live upon sighs;

Some are sweeter than flowers, others fiercer than fire;
Yet there's never a one but some day must expire.
But man's love for his pal, that's not builded on kisses,
Can live till Eternity dies.

From the Friendships as deep as the bed of the Ocean,
Victor boy, we have culled the most true;
And the gift, pledged in wine, that is pure as the glow
Of your fifty-one years, and as sweet as the flow
Of your languorous melodies full of emotion,
We offer tonight, boy, to you!

THE BUBBLE

BLIND as the throb of a love that's dead,
Still as the voice of the skies;
Beauteous thou wert as thou onward sped
To a realm that is built of sighs.
For thou diedst as soon as thy being came;
Were destroyed by an atom's thrust;
Ah! then, is life's bubble an empty name,
And hope but a fleck of dust?

A FANTASY

I'VE loved and lost, then loved again,
Till it has seemed to me
That loving best were love in vain
And loveless I must be.

My wildest fancies came to naught,
No woman e'er was true;
I steeled my soul 'gainst love that's bought,
And then—then I met you!

And, meeting you, came back again
The hungerings of yore;
Fate seemed to link our souls, and then,
My heart was light once more.

Then I began to dream a dream
That made me long to live
Within that never ending gleam
That only love can give.

I fancied scenes where you and I
Lived in a world of bliss;
Blest by a love that cannot die;
Strengthened by passion's kiss.

And every time our two lips met,
We'd pledge our vows anew,
And closer weave Love's tangled net
In meshes close and true.

Oh, tell me not I hope in vain;
Say not your heart is chilled
With thoughts of coldness and disdain
For him whose soul you've thrilled.

But place my image in your breast,
My soul beneath your sway,—
I'll be a slave to each bequest
And love my life away!

A BIRTHDAY SONNET

Sent to an elderly lady, with a miniature of Youth

All those purloining years from Father Time
To their own age diminish, really steal
The very keystone of that arch sublime
That spans the glory of a lifetime's weal.
For if that life is pure and full of leal
Too many years there cannot be,—for youth
While teeming with delights but youth can feel,
Knows not the joy of ripened trust and truth.
Thus has it ever been, dear friend, with you;
None of your years has felt the blush of shame,
So every added one but whets your pride,
And in your woman's face there's more that's true,
Than hath this girl within its golden frame
For your life-trust is proved and hers untried.

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

FAREWELL, farewell! Affection's sigh
Was never breathed with more regret.
The bonds of Friendship's holy tie,
Were never stronger, firmer met
Than now, as I bid thee good-bye,
Good-bye!

Farewell, farewell! Life's turgid stream
Shall wend its fitful journey through;
The glory of thy youthful dream,
May fire ambition's soul anew,
But ne'er forget a friend's esteem.
Adieu!

Farewell, farewell! You must fare well,
For new-born ardor fires your soul.
Fear not if ill luck's flimsy shell
Should clog thy path to fortune's goal.
Remember, industry must tell—
Farewell!

Farewell, farewell! When I am nigh,
Within thy thought, consult thy heart,
And know that lovers' love's a lie,
For 'tis a bond a word might part,—
But Friendship true can never die,—
Good-bye!

THE TRYST-BOWER

And this the world of bliss if dreams could be,
In which forever I would live with thee:
A blest existence born of youthtime fire,
Devoted each to each, brain, heart and soul;
Foredoomed disciples of a mad desire
Which two warm natures place beyond control.

A mirrored chamber hid from Scandal's storms,
Reflecting each position of our forms;
Portraying fair hope-pictures which would change
With every new caress and every kiss;
Painting love vistas wondrous fair and strange,
One vast kaleidoscope of pulsing bliss.

And here we'd hide away from prying eyes,
'Midst garnered stores from loveland's argosies.
We'd feed each heart-thrill from this goodly store,
And fan to flame love's embers o'er and o'er.
Then, even though we never met again,
Time would recall a tryst not kept in vain.

THE SILVER WEDDING

RING out the bells with a joyous peal!
A joy that no thought of care is dreading;
A joy that is fraught with the brightest weal,
And the Star of Love its rays are shedding,
O'er the happy throng
That with gift and song
Have come to the Silver Wedding.

Ring out the dreams of the years of bliss!
Awaken the spell of the magic potion
That came with the joy of a lover's kiss;
That was leavened and sweetened by Youth's emotion,
Then found its goal
In a woman's soul
And the strength of a man's devotion.

Ring out the thread of this lovers' tale,
So wondrous and fair in its dreamy telling!
Ah me! That this feeblest of pens should fail,
When my Friendship's soul with a wish is swelling,
To sing of the life
Of the faithful wife
Who graces this happy dwelling.

Ring out a toast to the honored twain!
Ring out the bliss of a love undying;

Lost be their future to Sorrow's stain,
  As the flakes of snow on the white drifts lying
    Be their coming hour,
    All bestrewn with flowers
And their souls ever free from sighing

Ring out the thought I would fain impart,
  Where the Silver Wedding bell is swinging
Pealing the pride of a husband's heart,
  Out of the past fondest memories bringing
    The memories of youth,
    The memories of truth,
And the songs of affection singing

Ring out the bells with a joyous clang,
  As the path to a Golden One they're treading,
They dream of the love that from children
    sprang,
  And stronger and bright through the long
    years spreading,
    Until soul unto soul,
    They have come to the goal
Of this wonderful Silver Wedding.

ENCHAINED

I WONDER when 'twill end,
This life of hidden sorrow
That seems to bliss portend,
Yet hath no morrow
But bodes of hopes defied,
And dreams fulfilled denied,—
I wonder when?

I wonder when 'twill cease
This struggle, cruel, bitter,
That never soul gives peace,
Nor thrall its glitter,
But something steps between
To dull its gladsome sheen,—
I wonder when?

I wonder when 'twill close
Its chapters full of lying;
This love-tale sad that shows
But Destiny's decrying
Of that fair fabric built
Of passion, bliss and guilt,—
I wonder when?

FANCY'S PROMISE

THEY tell me your eyes are as black as night,
That your hair hath the color of molten gold;
That your hand can respond to the lover's clasp
With the passionate thrill of a lust untold.

That your bosom will heave with a thrill of delight
In the sensuous flush of a love that's new;
And this was the vision of longings bright,
When they told of the joys I could find in you.

And so I have lived in this wonderful dream,
And fancy hath made me your lover bold;
And oft in the night it would almost seem
I held you tight clasped in mad rapture's fold.

And ah, how I love in those dreamings so fair,
That are cheering my soul on its wandering way!
If they were not lying, those phantoms so rare,
How madly we'd revel the night into day!

IN SYMPATHY

WHAT is there pity's bleeding heart can say
To soothe the sorrows of this darkened day,
Unless it be to lift the heavier pall
Of stricken souls that have been robbed of all?

What is there in the eyes that weep with you,
To staunch the flow of tear showers ever new,
Unless it be to look with them afar
To that beyond where waiting lost ones are?

What is there lulled ambition can decry,
Thro' heavy clouds with every roll a sigh,
Unless it be to seek ambition's lures
Amidst the wrecks of others lost like yours?

What is there manhood's master hand can steal
To prove how keenly manhood's heart can feel,
Unless it be to filch for you from Fate,
Thrills of new courage ere it be too late?

What can the voice of sympathy uplift
From out the mires where hopes have gone adrift,
Unless it be to speak with you as one,
Those words so hard to say: "Thy will be done!"

TO HENRY WATTERSON

I ASK thee not to weep not, friend,
For tearless hearts are those that sever
And leave behind sighs without end,
For stricken souls that bleed forever.

I bid thee not say, "It were best,"
This blow that dimmed thy closing page,
For it denied thee peace and rest
To ease the burdened hours of age.

I pray that God may give thee power,—
If there indeed be power Divine,—
To lighten every coming hour
Of her whose wound is deep as thine.

For it were sad indeed to know
That two lives with all gladness flown
Must fade beneath a kindred blow,
And bear their throbs and stings alone.

I ask thee, friend, but only this:
Ere that first pang of grief expire,
Take from my heart the pitying kiss
Of one Fate made a childless sire.

Perhaps 'twill weave a gentler tie
Between two souls all dark within;
For Friendship's thrills can never die
And Friendship's tears breed hearts akin.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL JO. WHEELER

List to the bugle, O heroes in blue,
Hark to the death-roll, O sons of the gray!
Weep for the chieftain, long tried and found true,
Whose name's writ on memory's tablets today.
Droop, droop, starry banner, for him who once fought you
Defending a right that he bled to maintain,
Then, when a foeman's spite threatened, he brought you
The might of a sword never wielded in vain.
Forgetting the gray in the call of the blue;
Remembering naught but that soldiers are true.

March, grizzled comrades of old, to his bier!
Halt, Federal braves with palmetto in hand!
For he that did honor to both lieth here,
Bestrewn with the flowers of a sorrowing land.
Ah, read in that silent form bravery's story;
Ah, hear in the beats of a throng's muffled tread,
The tribute of love to a patriot's glory,
Enrolling a soul midst the great that are dead.
Forgot he the gray in the call of the blue;
Remembering naught but the danger to you.

Hark! From an isle in a tropical sea,
There cometh a wail that is tearful and deep;

No one more deserving of honor than he,
In freeing a people who knew but to weep.
Borne soft on the breezes this message of sorrow,
Sped swift o'er the waves of a murmuring sea,
Entwining the yesterday into the morrow,
To mourn for a hero who battled them free.
Forgetting the gray in the call of the blue;
Remembering naught but that soldiers are true.

AN ADVENTURE

ONLY a glance that was arch and shy,
Yet it told a volume as I passed by,
Looked at her
And wondered if that was a smothered sigh.
Would it were!

Only a smile that was meant to kill,
And it filled my soul with a madd'ning thrill,
And a pang.
For she'd murder hid in the depths of her eyes,
'Neath her bang.

Only a smirk! Not a word to say,
As she lifted her satchel and passed away,
Out of sight.
But would she allow me to lead her astray?
Not tonight!

GOOD-BYE, JOE COYNE

It's too bad to make light of good-bye, Joe,
In the revel and souse of a "bat,"
But 'twould seem the best way
One's excuses to play
On the thirsts that old Bacchus begat.
And perhaps it were best, after all, Joe,
To enliven the sighs of the years,
With communion of friends
That so very much lends
To the drying of impotent tears.

We have bid you good-bye oft before, Joe,—
You were chasing the bubble called fame,—
But nobody dined you,
Nor flattered nor wined you,
For you'd never a gloss to your name.
But conditions are different now, Joe:
Success lit oblivion's gloam;
For when you came back
You'd made a good crack
At becoming an idol "at 'ome."

You had captured the hearts of the best, Joe,
Princes begged you to make them your pals;
Wealthy dowagers, too,
Sized your date-book anew,
Not forgetting some donahs and flals.
They were poor fish that came to your net, Joe,

But the fishiness didn't offend;
For you knew, in your heart,
Some of them didn't start,
And all means never win the same end.

You were bidden at last to New York, Joe,
To amuse and enlighten your own,
And I heard many say
In a jocular way
That Joe Coyne had grown haughty in tone;
That you'd been Piccadillyized hard, Joe,
And forgotten old Time's retrospect;
That your monocled eye,
And bored ennui sigh,
Gave éclat to a Strand dialect.

But you answered our welcoming homes, Joe,
Just as though you'd been never away;
And your speech was as true,
To the Chair's bally-hoo,
As the fountain is true to its spray.
And the monocled eye was a myth, Joe,
And your hand-clasp was shot at short range;
Were it not for the sight
Of your name writ in light,
We should never have seen any change.

Now good Yankees don't give a gol darn, Joe,
If a fellow be true to his own;

Whether he clinks his glass
With some millionaire ass,
Or some crown-laden boob on a throne,
So long as he'll clink it with friends, Joe,
Who've shared in those struggles that tell;
Who can chat with a joke
Of the days we were broke;
Of the summer weeks gloomy as hell!

And that's what we've found you to be, Joe,
And that's why we've bidden you here,
To pledge you Godspeed
On that mission of greed
And to hold you to memory dear.
For we know that you'll never forget, Joe,
Who you are, what you are, where you're at;
And that when you return
You'll have welcomes to burn,
Wearing still the same size of a hat.

THE SEASONS

MY SPRING came with hope that was full of light,
With Summer the hope grew strong;
In Autumn 'twas dull as the pall of night,
And the Winter's mournings long.
But beneath the chill of that Winter's sting,
The hope left seeds for another Spring!

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

WHAT shall it be, what shall it be,
The result of our first flirtation?
Was it a passing dream to me
Of a new infatuation?
Or did it foretell of a world of bliss;
Of a feast of love unsated;
Or was there a sign in that telltale kiss
That our two hearts were mated?

What shall it be, what shall it be?
The love that is ever flying
Like a restless zephyr from tree to tree,
Which is born—but a breath—then is dying?
Or shall it be free as the rock-bound shore
That walleth the home of the billow?
Shall I know that 'twill bring to me joy
evermore,
When your head on my breast finds its pillow?

What shall it be, what shall it be?
Oh, let me the truth revealing,
Disclose you a heart that is warm and free,
Full of thoughts I'd refrain from concealing.
Let me teach you a love that is one wild dream:—
Then, all visions of rapture disclosing,
Our souls, full of doubt and its sighings would
seem
In a world of sweet bondage reposing.

A PARAPHRASE

To love, or not to love, that is the question.
Whether 'tis better for the swain to suffer
The sighs of solitary loneliness,
Or take at once that heart upon his hand,
Load it with gold, and leave for maids to play for.
To love, to like, no more, and in that liking
To say we end the heartaches and the sighs
That loneliness is heir to—'tis a state
Devoutly to be wished. To love—to like;
To like, perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub.
For, too much like a woman, dreams may come
To picture her so plainly what she's not,
And paint the hues of virtues ne'er to be,
That life becomes a myth. In that respect
We make calamity of married life;
For who could bear her likes for other men;
Her coquetries that foster jealousies;
The pangs of promised love with its delays;
Feeble excuses for engagements broken,
When he himself might endless comfort make
By loving no one? Who'd the burden bear
That comes to all who live a double life
But for the rapture-laden passion-land:
That love-discovered country from whose bourne
No man has yet returned unchained by bliss,
Nor in regret for those fair ills he's won,
And feeling there are more he knows not of?
Thus passion doth make weaklings of us all,

And thus the bachelor's weak resolution
Is sicklied o'er with woman's selfishness;
Becomes a thing that's but a feeble toy,
To squeak and strut whene'er it suit her humor;
To wink askance at all her indiscretions,
Until one's very thoughts must turn awry
And lose the name of action.

THE ACTOR

Who am I, do you ask? Why, goodness me!
'Most anything that you might like to see,
Or hear, or think about, seek or invent,
And that's an actor. Thing of discontent
Or joy or sorrow, in their many stages,
Oft times produced, alas! for promised wages.
And even promise kept, to be exact,
Leaves much to be desired, for 'tis a fact
That no vocation underneath the sun
Demands so many talents merged in one.
But—and I'm sure you never would suppose it,
The manager is he who very, very seldom knows it.
For when he lays his next production's pipes,
His cast, he thinks, must be made up of types.
Why on the actor's art put such restraint,
When type's a thing of powder and of paint?
Now he's no type of true dramatic art
Who cannot typify 'most any part.

Today I am a doctor giving pills,
And feeling pulses for a score of ills;
And though no school of medecine I've been through
I must deport myself as if I knew.
Tomorrow I'm a lawyer, lashed to fury,
Defending innocence before a jury;
And I must move my audience to tears,
Else that dread two weeks' notice surely nears.
Now, I'm a beardless youth, to hold in sway
Acres of beauty at a matinee;
With agony of soul in sorrow's cup,
Because some ladylove has passed me up.
Next I'm a burglar, masked, forbidding, bad,
Robbing a maid after I've killed her dad.
Then a detective, keen, alert and sly,
With icy mien and calculating eye,
Foresworn, however hard, to do or die!
A gladiator now, of giant frame,
Risking his life for some patrician dame,
With shield and sword in most inspiring dash,
Which must be good, or—play all gone to smash.
Then must I be—O strange reverse of art!—
Senility personified, whose flimsy heart
Must crack and break, and clothe from top to toe
A tottering frame in thrill-inspiring woe.
I cast my daughter out: "Hence, erring one!
Into the streets, I say!" Then, when that's done,
Tomorrow night, along the beaten track,
I play the hero bold who brings her back.

A villain next, refined and debonair,
Who drags the heroine by her back hair
Into a wood where, silent, all serene,
I burn her to the stake with kerosene.
Now comes my turn at comics, full of chaff,
And all expedients that make them laugh.
I am a Fenian, weeping thro' his smile,
Massing his clans to free the Emerald Isle.
"Up, boys, and at 'em! Down with Redcoats mean!"
Pausing, of course, for "Wearing of the Green."
I am a Frenchman, born to taking ways,
Thrilling my audience with La Marseillaise,
Or, with much *savoir faire*, earning my cash
By dashing deeds, or dancing Les Apaches.
A German now, inspiring laugh or pain,
With "Hoch der Kaiser! Hoch! Auf Wiedersehen!
In fact, I must be any race or tongue,
Creed, sect, or politics, or I am stung.
So ask me not again, friend, who I am,
For your opinion I care not a—cuss;
Because I know, they know, and they, and they,
That he who makes to order every day,
Miser or spendthrift, vassal, Prince or King,
Old age, strong youth, banker or underling,
Is greater far than he who never knew,
Or ever cared, more than one thing to do.
The barber shaves, the broker talks of profit,
Taking good care there's very little of it.

The lawyer pleads, the doctor sometimes cures,
But there's no art or trade that so ensures
That much in little as the trade I follow.
Beside it, all the rest seem vain and hollow!
Be what you will, I'll be man's benefactor,
Which is, in short, my notion of an actor.

TO I. S. H.

THERE is a sweet somewhere
For such as you,
In which all that is fair
And womanly and true,
Must shower their blessed gifts
Upon the strong,
And sing thro' sorrow's rifts
Love's tireless, endless song.

And there will come a time
Not far away,
When loving souls in rhyme
Must throb and beat alway,
To speak of gratitude,
And to extol
That dominating good
Of sterling woman's soul.

And there is made a place
Where you shall reign;
Where there can be no trace
Of sigh, or care or pain;

And where the days and nights
Of dreamings blest,
Shall yield you those delights
That come but to the best.

But there will be no friend
Stauncher than I,
Who borrows but to lend
Of thrills that cannot die.
And who, amidst the throng
Of spirits true,
Must sing an endless song
Of faith inspired by you.

THE COMING OF VIRGINIA

THE day that gave you birth
Brought an imperfect earth
From out its shadows, tenantless till then,
A sweet prophetic face
Destined to shine apace
Upon the souls of women and of men.

The day when you were born
To woman's sphere adorn,
Came there a wondrous influence for good,
Which, as the days sped on,
Left sighs and sorrows gone,
Beneath the magic spell of womanhood.

The day when first you smiled,
All manhood seemed beguiled
With some sweet influence, to hold in sway
Souls born to love of you,
And, whether false or true,
That thralling power waned not nor passed away.

The day when we two met,
Meseemed I could forget
A hundred raptures won from other girls;
Then day-dreams came anew,
And each one visioned you
Most lustrous of my memory's rarest pearls.

AN ACROSTIC

EVER and ever may fortune attend you,
Let all the joys of a lifetime be yours.
In every thought that may please or
befriend you,
Zeal be my guide with its memory's lures.
And in the hours when my pen groweth lazy,
Be sweet thoughts of you the ideas to inspire.
Even the best mind is oftentimes hazy,
Till someone like you wakes its slumbering fire,—
How ever with you for my guide could I tire?

LOVE'S ANGLING

"'Twas not in rippling crystal brook
I angled;
Not in Diana's shaded nook,
All verdure tangled,
And yet my troutlet pliant was and rare,
Eager to strike, and oh so passing fair!
All banged and bangled.

'Twas not upon the mountain lake
I angled.
Not in my wherry's shining wake
All glist'ning drops bespangled.
And yet excitement mounted just as high,
Wild, eager expectation lit mine eye,
And every passion jangled.

'Twas not upon the bounding sea
I sought her.
Not on the billow-battered lea
I found and fought her;
But when my troutlet, pliant as a willow,
Lay calm, resigned and smiling on my pillow,
I knew I'd caught her.

'Twas in the tapestried boudoir
I angled.
And I, as all true lovers are,
Was all intrigue entangled.

And so I found my queen, and cast, and caught
her;—
And when of blisses ne'er to end I taught her,
Our souls no longer wrangled.

Can there be nobler pastime found
Than fishing;—
Than score of troutlets plump and sound
For breakfast dishing?
Ah, what excitement doth the fisher feel,
When anxiously a'plying rod
For two-pound grilses wishing?

Ah yes, there's fishing greater far
Than trouting;
Sport that no wind nor rain can mar,
That scorneth scoffers' flouting.
'Tis angling for the fair and pliant dove,
Who eager strikes the goodly bait of love,
Resignedly, undoubting.

CIRCE

PARDON for hardened breakers of the laws;
Pardon for those who slay from feeblest
cause;
But pardon's not for thee who blasted youth,
Defiled the laws of Faith and murdered Truth!

CONDOLENCE

BE SURE, dear friend, there is some recompense—
Nor is it far away—to soothe thy sorrow.
For there be those whose fond obedience
Can make this dark today a brighter morrow.

Lone one, crushed as thy heart is, 'tis not broken;
Deep as thy grief be, it can find its end;
For there lies balm in soft words aptly spoken,
Thrilled through the pitying loving of a friend.

Say that this friend, or many friends that knew him,
Can prove thy lost one happier in his peace;
How what hath chilled your soul, was ending to him,
Of travail sore, that never seemed to cease.

Say that in hours of solitude, so lonely,
That it would seem as though thy heart must break,
These friends could make you think him sleeping only,
Until that day when all the dead shall wake.

Believe, dear friend of mine, religion's scoffers
Find never aught that can with sorrow cope;
For nothing else that consolation offers,
Can weave a recompense for shattered hope.

And, little woman, some day when your sighing
Hath lulled a little, even such as I
May teach that after all what seemeth dying
Is but creating some blest bye and bye.

Some day—and come it soon—we two together
May look from out the shadows through the past,
And find, as ships the angriest storms may weather,
That grief can check its flood of tears at last.

Be brave, O widowed one! Take courage, knowing
That thy soul's burden was his peace and rest;
And find in days to come resignment growing,
Until your heart shall learn 'twas for the best.

DISSATISFACTION

I AM not satisfied, O Love!
There never comes a day
But there are doubts I cannot prove,
With fond hopes swept away.
But, in the days to come, I seem
To see portents of light
Which now seem all a fitful dream,
Cloud-rifts thro' envy's night.
Bear with me for that trust denied,
I am not satisfied!

I am not satisfied, my dearie;
There never comes a night
Away from you but I am weary
Of this long, patient fight
Betwixt what is, yet may not be,
What is not, yet must rise,
Or else my soul were never free
From jealous fantasies.
Bear with me till Fate shall decide,
I am not satisfied.

I am not satisfied with trust
That is not sealed by truth.
'Tis not enough, that dreams of lust
Restored the flush of youth.
'Tis not enough, O girl of mine,
To hasten when I call;
For I must weld that bond divine
Which makes you all in all.
This cannot be, till you're my bride,
Then were I satisfied.

ALIBI

IT CLEARETH innocence and guilt alike;
Its plaints equivocal disarm divorce;
It counters blows that otherwise would strike
At mortal sin to check its baneful course,
But it must semblance bear of shining truth,
And this of thine sheds no such light, forsooth!

THE SOUTHERN SENTINEL

To the Southernmost Redwood Tree in California

LONE guardian of thy kin's historic past!
Staunch at thy post when young Portola came
To solve the problem of the darkness vast,
Stirred by adventure and his country's fame,
Time honors thee!

Thou stoodst there, first of thy Southern horde,
When Serra's legions of the Faith sped on
To spread in Pagan lands the softening Word
That taught untutored minds of good undone,
Truth honors thee!

When young Fremont first scanned the Western sea,
Wert thou not there, breeze-stirred, to proudly bow
Upon the chief that gave to History
Lores of a land, the whole world's fairest now,
Whose science honors thee?

Hail! Silent sentinel, whose bond to Time
No storm, nor temblor, nay, nor fire shall sever!
Reign on thy throne in dignity sublime
Down thro' the ravages of Time forever,
Whilst ages honor thee!

TOMMY QUINN

Written in commemoration of Lord Dunraven's amazing withdrawal from the second race with the Defender, because the Regatta Committee decided the first race against him, Valkyrie having fouled the American boat.

(Air: "Baby Mine.")

How unsportsmanlike, Dunraven,
Otherwise Tommy Quinn,
Was Valkyrie's funk so craven,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn!
Where's the name they say you won
As a sport in races run?
What is this you've been and done,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
Was it your idea of fun,
Tommy Quinn?

Too polite to call you foolish,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
I'm inclined to think you mulish,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
For in truth it seems to me,
That although a Lord you be,
Only God can rule the sea,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
And he chose to make it free,
Tommy Quinn.

Did your sailors fear immersions,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,

At the hands of those excursions,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn?
Surely now, your mascot goat
Could have kept them all afloat,
It's a farthing to a groat,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
That you had the slower boat,
Tommy Quinn.

I'm afraid the truth is mellow,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
That you're not a reg'lar fellow,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
Never steamboats half enough,
Never seas that were too rough,
Were you made of proper stuff,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
What a cheap and flimsy bluff,
Tommy Quinn!

You may mail us your excuses,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
You may ventilate abuses,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn.
You may sit you down to dine,
Drown your woes in vintage wine,
But your star has ceased to shine,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
So you'd best take in your sign,
Tommy Quinn.

From some future Irish eyrie,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
You may contemplate Valkyrie,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn;
But Defender's fleecy ghost,
Will be standing off the coast,
Giving Memory a toast,
Tommy Quinn, Tommy Quinn,
For she left you at the post,
Tommy Quinn.

INVITATION

SHIPMATES ahoy! The voice of Manhood cries
For forbears of the summer's pleasantries.
Out of the lumbered shipyards flecked with snow,
Each mimic ship yearns for the soul that flies
From indolence to labor. And the glow
Of Springtime's sun lures them from winter's sleep.
Lo! where the frosted spars no longer weep
Chill tears, thawed by the sun athwart the clouds;
But glow with warmth as sprightly sailors creep,
Cheered by the breeze of promise, up the shrouds.

Captains ahoy! Your summer's course is laid.
Pipe crews to quarters! Leave is overstayed.

Now Neptune's wind-sprites long to thrum the tune
Thro' lines and halliards: "Joy too long hath strayed,"
For there's but chill beneath the winter moon.
'Vast idling there! But ere the capstan sings,
Gather we all at winter's feast, that brings
Brave hearts at rest together once again,
To bid Godspeed to winter taken wings,
And show that Friendship's tongue speaks not in vain.

Landsmen ahoy! So are ye welcome too.
Our weathered mariners shall lead ye through
The maze of vapors shed from fragrant pipes,
Tempered by sparkling vintage poured anew,
To pledge the yachtsman's mimic stars and stripes.
The place, the Astor, in whose banquet hall
Song, speech and cheer shall lift the winter's pall.
The night, the twelfth of March—no more be told,
Save this: that revel's hand shall lead us all
From leaden hours to bright ones, cast in gold.

SUZANNE

If Fate had so decreed and I were lonely,—
A smileless, cheerless man,—
Meseems that my despair would seek thee only,
Thou merry soul, Suzanne!

If I were deep in grief and bowed with sorrow
That seemed an endless span,
I know that I could bridge it with a morrow
Somewhere with thee, Suzanne.

And if my life were full of lovings broken,
With Fancy's stream outran,
I feel one word of promise by thee spoken
Would breed new hope, Suzanne.

But, since I'm wed to infinite devotion
Which no new love shall ban,
I needs must foster only friend-emotion
And yield thee that, Suzanne.

Some day thy widowhood will seek its ending,
But where, O where the man
Whose worth and ardor were not base pretending?
Choose wisely, sweet Suzanne!

THE BACKBITERS

ALONG the drift-ways of all human things,
How often human tongues are armed with stings
That indiscriminately deal their thrusts
Under the spells of envy's biting lusts!

How often, for that one hath gained renown,
Another who hath failed would drag him down
Into the mires where jealousy and spite
Deny achievement its invested right!

How often beauty's reputation's blot
When judged by feeble souls that have it not,
And, that its glory shall not hold its place,
Seek to enshroud its glamours in disgrace!

How often friends are insincere with friends,
Whose popularity to others lends
That friendship kin to love, which should not be
The victim of insidious jealousy!

How often scandal spreads its ruthless pall
O'er sinless lives from no just cause at all,
Save that its monger's path itself is stained,
And so must virtue's bulwark be profaned!

Alas! that evil conquers over good,
So often clouding lustrous womanhood,
And manhood's best, when God wrought blessings rare,
For man and woman, each an equal share.

THE BRIDAL

GAZE in my eyes, my love, and read
The story of a soul;
How thro' a life of Fancy's greed
Cloud-rifts of peace may roll,
And yet their gleams shot quickly past
Till you were mine at last,
Sweet one, my own at last!

Here on my breast I hold your face,
To dream a little while
Of how it came to find its place
Away from sin and guile;
How, shutting out oblivion vast,
I made you mine at last,
Dear love, my own at last!

Here on your lips I press my own
To seal Love's endless bond,
Then lead you to that shining throne
That knows no dark beyond;
Our faith hath won, the die is cast,
You are my own at last,
My wife, my own at last!

HERE ENDETH THE BOOK OF VERSES OF LOVE, SENTIMENT AND FRIENDSHIP BY MR. CLAY M. GREENE, AND PRINTED BY RICARDO J. OROZCO, IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE, AT NUMBER 509 SANSOME STREET, IN THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, AFTER MANY DAYS OF PLEASANT TOIL WHICH RIPENED INTO MUTUAL ACQUAINT ANCE THAT SHALL BE LONG REMEMBERED. THE FRONTISPIECE AND DECORATIONS WERE DESIGNED BY MR. RAY F. COYLE

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